

Prides Fall, Or a warning for all English Women.

By the Example of a strange Monster born of late in *Germany*, by a Merchants proud wife in
Genova. The tune is, All you that love good fellows.



ENglands fair dainty Dames
See here the fall of pride,
Wantonnesse leade in time
that God may be your guide:
I was a Dutchland Urolo
Winning in beauty bright,
And a brave Merchants wife,
in whom he took delight.
All things I had at will,
my heart could wish or crave,
My dyet dainty fair,
my Garments rich and rare:
No wife in Germany!
where I in pleasure dwel'd,
For golden bravery
my person so exceld.
My Coaches richly wrought,
and wrought with pearl and gold,
Carried me up and down,
whereas my fancy wou'd:
The earth I deem'd too base
my foot to tread upon,
My bloming crimson cheeks
felt neither wind nor sun,

My beauty made me think
my self an Angel bright,
Fained of heavenly mold,
and not an earthly wight,
For my souls happinesse
Gods holy Bible took,
I had my Looking-glasse
where I most pleasure took.
There was no fashion found
that might advance my pride.
But in the looking-glasse
my fancy soon espy'd:
Every vain foolish toy,
changed my wanton mind,
And they best pleased me
that could new fashions find.
Yet all those earthly joyes
yielded me small content,
In that Dame Nature had
nere a child to me sent,
That makes my heart to bleed,
for which offence to God,
He therefore grievously
scourged me with his rod.

And in my tender womb,
of so pure flesh and blood,
Created he strange to see,
a most deformed brood:
That women of wanton pride,
may take example by,
How they in fashions fond
offended God on hy b.
When the Babe came to light,
and I brought to my bed,
No cost was spared that night
to stand me in my stead:
My nurses young and fair,
fit for a royal Queen,
Gave all attendance there,
as it was daily seen.
Never had Merchants wife,
of Ladies such a train,
That came in gentle sort,
at the hour of my pain:
But when my swelling womb
pictur'd up natures due,
Such a strange Monster then
never man hardly knew.

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F So it affrighted so
 all the whole company,
 What every one said in heart,
 vengeance now draweth nigh,
 It had too faces strange,
 and two heads painted fair.
 On the brows curles locks,
 such as our wantons wear,
 One hand held right the shape
 of a fair looking glass,
 In which I took delight
 how my sinful countenance
 Right the shape of a Roan,
 scourging me for my sin,
 The other seem'd to have
 perfectly seen therein.
 These womens wantonness
 and their vain foolish minds,
 Never contented are
 with that gift God assigns
 Not to fit London Dames
 God her path ycleads in store,
 He now the second part
 of this long Sermon more.
 Grief and care kills the heart,
 were God offended is.
 As the poor Merchants wife
 do worldly comforts miss,
 Strange were the miseries
 that she so long indu'd,
 No ease by womens help
 could be as then procur'd.
 Whereupon speak the child,
 with a voice fearfully,
 Pouch your wanton pride
 brings this your misery.
 Let your life soon amend,
 or else the mighty God
 will scourge your wantonness
 with a more sharper Rod.
 About his neck flaunting Ruffe,
 it had now gallantly,
 Marched with white and blew
 seeming into the eye,
 With Laces large and broad
 as now are womens hands.
 Thus heary wanton pride,
 still in Gods anger stands,
 The best was plaid ore
 as still the Merchants be,
 Now as lewd women wear
 to hide adultery.
 Every part, every limb
 had not true natures frame,
 But to shew to the world
 this my great sin and shame:

Printed for F. Coler, T. Vere, and W. Gilbertson.

From the head to the foot
 Monsterlike was it born,
 Every part had the shape
 of fashions daily worn.
 On the left plaid Booes
 Indians had roses red,
 Which in silk now are us'd
 so vainly are weled.
 Thus hath my flesh and blood
 new fit now near my heart.
 Put me in mind of sin,
 and bids me soon convert.
 O let us women then
 take heed of wanton pride,
 Angels have fallen from heaven
 and for that sin have dy'd.
 No sooner brought to light
 was this fruit of my youth.
 But to the Council house,
 it was brought for a truth,
 Whereto the Magistrates
 in a most fearful sort,
 Began aloud to speak,
 and these words did report,
 I am a messenger
 sent down from God on high,
 To bid you all repent
 Christs coming draweth nigh.
 Repent you all with speed,
 this is a message sure,
 The world seems at an end,
 and cannot long endure.
 Pride is the Prince of sin
 which is our chief delight,
 Mankind repent with speed
 before the Lord do smite.
 This is my last advice,
 repentance soon provide.
 Th these were his latest words
 and so the Monster dy'd.
 Great was the fear of those
 that these same speeches heard,
 God grant all Christians may,
 have their minds well prepar'd
 With true repentant tears
 Gods mercy to implore,
 That never woman had
 may bring such fruit forth more.
 And you fair English Dames,
 in pride that do excell,
 This woful misery,
 in your hearts print full well.
 Let not pride be your gale,
 for pride will have a fall.
 Paid and wisse let my life
 be warning to you all.